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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

A Family Newspaper... Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, the Mechanic Arts, and General Intelligence.

VOL. III.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, DEC. 13, 1849.

NO. 21.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY

E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.

At No. 3-1/2 Boutelle Block, Main Street.

TERMS:—If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50.

If paid within six months, \$4.50.

If paid within the year, \$8.00.

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment, at current prices.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

POPULAR READING.

[From Graham's Magazine.]

UNFADING FLOWERS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Thirty years ago, a small, barefooted boy, passed to admire the flowers in a well-cultivated garden. The child was an orphan, and had already felt how hard the orphan's lot.

The owner of the garden, who was trimming a border, noticed the lad, and spoke to him kindly.

"Do you love flowers?" said he.

The boy replied, "Oh yes. We used to have beautiful flowers in our garden."

"The man laid down his knife, and gathering a few flowers, took them to the fence, through the panels of which the boy was looking, and handed them to him, said as he did so,

"Here's a nice little bunch for you."

A flush went over the child's face as he took the flowers. He did not make any reply, but in his large eyes, as he lifted them to the face of the man, was an expression of thankfulness, to be read as plainly as words in a book.

The act, on the part of the man, was one of spontaneous kindness, and scarcely thought of again; but by the child, it was never forgotten.

Years went by, and through toil, privation and suffering, both in body and mind, the boy grew up to manhood. From ordinals like this, came forth our most effective men. If kept from vicious associates, the lad of feeling and mental activity becomes ambitious, and rises in society above the common level. So it proved in the case of this orphan boy. He had few advantages of education, but such as offered were improved. It happened that his lot was cast in a printing office, and the young compositor soon became interested in his work.

He did not set the type as a mere mechanic, but went beyond the duties of his calling, entering into the ideas to which he was giving verbal expression, and making them his own.

At twenty-one he was a young man of more than ordinary intelligence and force of character.

At thirty-five he was the conductor of a widely-circulated and profitable newspaper, and as a man, respected and esteemed by all who knew him.

During the earnest struggle that all men enter into who are ambitious to rise in the world, the thoughts do not often go back and rest, meditatively, upon the earlier time of life.

But after success has crowned each well-directed effort, and the gaining of a desired position no longer remains a subject of doubt, the mind often brings up from the far-off past most vivid recollections of incidents and impressions that were painful or impressive at the time, and which are now seen to have had an influence, more or less decided, upon the whole after life.

In this state of reflection sat one day the man we have introduced. After musing for a long time, deeply abstracted he took up his pen and wrote hastily—and these were the sentences he traced on the paper that lay before him:

"How indelible does a little act of kindness, performed at the right moment, impress itself upon the mind. We meet, as we pass through the world, so much of rude selfishness, that we guard ourselves against it, and scarcely feel its effects. But spontaneous kindness comes so rarely, that we are surprised when it appears, and delighted and refreshed as by the perfume of flowers in the dreary winter. When we were a boy, an orphan, and with the memory of a home lost too vivid in our young heart, a man, into whose beautiful garden we stood looking, pulled a few flowers, and handed them through the fence, speaking a kind word as he so. He did not know, and perhaps never will know, how deeply we were touched by his act. From a poor boy we loved the flowers, and ere that heaviest affliction a child ever knows—the loss of parents—fell upon us, we almost lived among them. But death separated between us and all those tender associations and affections that to the hearts of children, are like dew to the tender grass. We entered the dwelling of a stranger, and were there as if we had, or ought to have, no feelings, no hopes, no weaknesses. The harsh command came daily, and almost hourly to our ears; and not even for work well done, or faithful service, were we cheered by words of commendation.

"One day—we were not more than eleven years old—something turned our thoughts back upon the earlier and happier time when we had a true home, and was loved and cared for. We were once more in the garden, and among the sweet blossoms, as of old, and the mother on whose bosom we had slept, sat under the grape arbor while we filled her lap with flowers. There was a smile of love on her dear face, and her lips were parting with some word of affection, when, to scatter into nothing these dear images of the lovely boy, came the harsh command of a master, and in obedience we started forth to perform some needed service. Our way was by the garden of which we have spoken; and it was on this occasion, and while the suddenly dispensed images of our mother among the flowers was re-forming itself in our young imagination, that the incident to which we have alluded occurred. We can never forget the grateful perfume of those flowers, not the strength and comfort which the kind words and manner of the giver imparted to our fainting spirit. We took them home, kept them fresh as long as water would preserve their life and beauty; and when they faded, and the leaves fell, pale and withered, upon the ground, we grieved for their loss as if a real friend had been taken away.

"It is a long, long time since that incident occurred; but the flowers which there sprung up in our bosom, are fresh and beautiful still. They have neither faded nor withered—they cannot, for they are unfading flowers. We never looked upon the man that gave them to us that our heart did not grow warm toward him. We know not now whether he is living or dead. Twenty years ago we lost sight of him; but, if still among the dwellers of the

earth, and in need of a friend, we would divide with him our last morsel."

An old man, with hair whitened by the snows of many winters, was sitting in a room that was poorly supplied with furniture, his head bowed down, and gaze cast dreamily upon the floor.

A pale, young girl came in while he sat thus musing. Lifting his eyes to her face, he said, while he tried to look cheerful,

"Ellen, dear, you must not go out to-day."

"I feel a great deal better, grandpa," returned the girl, forcing a smile. "I am able to go to work again."

"No, child, you are not," said the old man firmly; "and you must not think of such a thing."

"Don't be so positive, grandpa," and as she uttered this little sentence, in a half-playful voice, she laid her hand among the thin, grey locks on the old man's head, and smoothed them caressingly. "You know that I must not be idle."

"Wait, child, until your strength returns."

"Our wants will not wait, grandpa." As the girl said this, her face became sober. The old man's eyes again fell to the floor, and a heavy sigh came forth from his bosom.

"I will be very careful and not overwork myself again," resumed Ellen, after a pause.

"You must not go to-day," said the old man, arousing himself. "It is murder. Wait at least until to-morrow. You will be stronger then."

"If I don't go back to-day, I may lose my place. You know I have been at home for three days."

"Work will not wait. The last time I was kept away by sickness, a customer was disappointed; and there was a good deal of trouble about it."

Another sigh came heavily from the old man's heart.

"I will go," said the girl. "Perhaps they will let me off for a day longer. If so, I will come back. But I must not lose the place."

No further resistance was made by the old man. In a little while he was alone. Hours went by, but Ellen did not return. She had gone to work. Her employer would not let her go away, feeble as she was, without a forfeiture of her place.

About mid-day, finding that Ellen did not come back, the old man, after taking some food, went out. The pressure of seventy winters was upon him, and his steps were slow and carefully taken.

"I must get something to do. I can work still," he muttered to himself, as he moved along the streets. "The dear child is killing herself, and all for me."

But what could he do? Who wanted the services of an old man like him, whose mind had lost its clearness, whose step faltered, and whose hand was no longer steady? In vain he made application for employment. Younger and more vigorous men filled all the places, and he was pushed aside. Discouraged and drooping in spirit, he went back to his home, and there awaited the fall of evening, which was to bring the return of the only being left on earth to love him. At night-fall Ellen came in. Her face, so pale in the morning, was now slightly flushed; and her eyes were brighter than when she went out. The grandfather was not deceived by this; he knew it was the sign of disease. He took her hand—it was hot; and when he bent to kiss her gentle lips, he found them burning with fever.

"Ellen, my child, why did you go to work to-day? I know it would make you sick," the old man said, in a voice of anguish.

Ellen tried to smile and to appear not so very ill; but nature was too much oppressed.

"I brought home some work, and will not go out to-morrow," she remarked. "I think the walk fatigued me more than anything else. I will feel better in the morning, after a good night's sleep."

But the girl's hopes failed in this. The morning found her so weak that she could not rise from her bed; and when her grandfather came into her room to learn how she passed the night, he found her weeping on her pillow. She had endeavored to get up, but her head, which was aching terribly, grew dizzy, and she fell back under a despairing consciousness that her strength was gone.

The day passed, but Ellen did not get better. The fever still kept her body prostrate. Once or twice, when her grandfather was out of the room, she took the work she had brought home, and tried to do some of it while sitting up in bed. But ere a minute had passed, she became faint, while all grew dark around her. She was no better when night came. Her mind could have rested; if she had been free from anxious and distressing thoughts, nature would have had some power to react; but as it was, the pressure upon her was too great. She could not forget that they had scarcely so much money as a dollar left, and that her old grandfather was too feeble to work. Upon her rested all the burden of their support, and she was now helpless.

On the next morning Ellen was better. She sat up without feeling dizzy, though her head still ached, and the fever had only slightly abated. But the old man would not permit her to leave the bed, though she begged him earnestly to let her do so.

The bundle of work that Ellen had brought home, was wrapped in a newspaper, and this her grandfather took up to read some time during the day.

"This is Mr. T's newspaper," said he as he opened it and saw the title. "I knew T—when he was a poor little orphan boy. But of course, he don't remember me. He's prospered wonderfully."

And then his eyes went along the columns of the paper, and he read aloud to Ellen such things as he thought would interest her. Among others was a reminiscence by the editor, the same that we have just given. The old man's voice faltered as he read. "The little incident," he feebly described, had long since been hidden in his memory under the gathering dust of time. But now the dust was swept away, and he saw his own dearest garden. He was in it, and among the flowers; and with a full looking through the fence stood the orphan boy. He remembered having felt pity for him, and he remembered how, as distinctly as if it were but yesterday, though thirty years had intervened, the light that went over the child's face as he handed him a few flowers that were to fade and wither in a day.

Yes, the old man's voice faltered while he read; and when he came to the last sentence, the paper dropped upon the floor, and clasping his hands together, he lifted his dim eyes up-

ward, while his lips moved in whispered words of thankfulness.

"What ails you, grandpa?" asked Ellen, in surprise. But the old man did not seem to hear her voice.

"Dear grandpa," repeated the girl, "why do you look so strangely? She had risen in bed, and was bending toward him.

"Ellen, my child," said the old man, a light breaking over his countenance, as though a sunbeam had suddenly come into the room; "it was your old grandfather who gave the flowers to that poor little boy. Did you hear what he said? he would divide his last morsel."

The old man moved about the room with his unsteady steps, talking in a wandering way, so overjoyed at the prospect of relief for his child, that he was nearly beside himself. But there yet lingered some embers of pride in his heart; and from these the ashes were blown away, and they became bright and glowing. The thought of asking a favor as a return for that little act, which was to him, at the time, a pleasure, came with a feeling of reluctance. But when he looked at the pale young girl who lay with her eyes closed and her face half buried in the pillow, he murmured to himself, "It is for you, for you!" And taking up his staff, he went tottering forth into the open air.

The editor was sitting in his office, writing, when he heard the door open, and turning, he saw before him an old man with bent form and snowy head. Something in the visitor's countenance struck him as familiar; but he did not recognize him as one whom he had seen before.

"Is Mr. T— in?" inquired the old man.

"My name is T—," replied the editor.

"You?" There was a slight expression of surprise in the old man's voice.

"Yes, I am T—, my friend," was kindly said.

"Can I do any thing for you? Take this chair."

The offered seat was accepted; and as the old man sank into it, his countenance and manner betrayed his emotion.

"I have come," said he, and his voice was unsteady, to do what I could do for myself alone. But I cannot see my poor, sick grandchild wear out and die under the weight of burdens that are too heavy to be borne. For her sake I have conquered my own pride."

There was a pause.

"Go on," said T., who was looking at the old man earnestly, and endeavoring to fix his identity in his mind.

"You don't know me?"

"Your face is not, entirely strange," said T. "It must have been a long time since we met."

"Long? Oh, yes! It is a long, long time. You were a boy, and I an unbent by age."

"Markland!" exclaimed T., with sudden energy, springing to his feet as the truth flashed upon him. "Say, is it so?"

"My name is Markland."

"And do we meet again thus!" said T., with emotion, as he grasped the old man's hand. "Ah, sir, I have never forgotten you. When a sad hearted boy you spoke to me kindly, and cheered my heart to hope for better fortune, when I had no one else to cheer me. That little bunch of flowers you gave me—you remember it no doubt—is still fresh in my heart. Not a leaf has faded. They are as bright and green and full of perfume as when I first laid them there; and there they will bloom forever, the unfading flowers of gratitude. I am glad that you are come, though grieved by your declining years are made heavier by misfortune. I have enough and to spare."

"I have not come for charity," returned Mr. Markland. "I have hands that would not be idle, though it is not much that they can accomplish."

"Be not troubled on that account, my friend, for I will find something for you to do. But first tell me all about yourself."

Thus encouraged, the old man told his story. It was the common history of loss of property and friends, and the approach of want with declining years. T— saw that pride and native independence were still strong in Markland's bosom, feeble as he was, and really unable to enter upon any serious employment; and his first impulse was to save his feelings at the same time that he extended to him entire and permanent relief. This he found no difficulty in doing, and the old man was soon after placed in a situation where but little application was necessary, while the income was all-sufficient for the comfortable support of himself and grandchild.

The flowers offered with a purely humane feeling, proved to be unfading flowers; and their beauty and perfume came back to the sense of the giver when all other flowers were dead or dying on his dark and dreary way.

THE MAGNETIC CLOCK OF PROFESSOR LOCKE.—The National Intelligencer has the following chapter of marvels about the magnetic clock of Professor Locke:

"A property which every person skilled in electricity would anticipate was noticed yesterday in the clock. If a person take hold of the wire coming from the clock, he will receive a pungent shock every second, although the battery itself which acts through the clock will scarcely produce a sensible effect. This shock is due to the 'secondary current' discovered by Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, whom we respectfully invite to call and repeat the experiment. It has been quite called 'feeling the clock's pulse.' This experiment suggests a new use of the proposed national time circuit. Any person at any place along that time circuit, can tell the time at Washington by grasping with the moistened hands the two conductors of the circuit, when 'he feels the clock's pulse,' a shock every second, an omission of one shock every minute, and other peculiar palpitations or 'intermittent pulse' every five minutes and every hour."

The observer of longitude needs only his meridian instrument and his break-circuit key, and if he wish the time of the central clock he can obtain it by feeling the pulse from the wires. If the observer prefer the old mode of observing by tally of time in seconds and estimation of fractions, he may connect himself with the central clock by wires, and count time as well by feeling as by hearing. By putting a silver coin in the mouth and connecting it with the wire, the time can even be tasted. By these 'wizard-workings of electricity' we are therefore enabled to see, hear, feel and taste time as it is indicated by a clock."

Dr. Parr had a high opinion of his own skill at whist, and could not see a nation, whose want of it in his partner. Being engaged

with a party in which he was unequally matched, he was asked by a lady how the fortune of the game turned; when he replied, "Pretty well, madam, considering that I have three adversaries."

HOW LONG BEES LIVE.

The natural length of a queen's life has never been ascertained, but some have been known to live four or five years. The drone, "the lazy yawning drone," lives only as many months. Hatched in April, they are generally cast out of the hives by the other bees, to starve, about June or July: I have even known the workers drag the half-formed drones from their cells, and carry them out to perish. The ancient Greeks had an ingenious method of excluding the drones from the hives. "It was observed that these gentlemen, (the drones,) though in no way inclined to work, would yet occasionally, on very fine days, go abroad for exercise, rushing forth in squadrons, mounting aloft into the air, and there wheeling and sporting and manœuvring in the sun. Taking advantage of their absence from the hive, they spread a fine net over the hive entrance, the meshes of which, large enough to admit the bee exclude the drone." This would not be a bad plan for the English bee master to adopt; but he should wait till the bees themselves have begun to drive out the drones; for surely they alone can judge of the proper time for this harsh measure. The drone doubtless serves an important purpose, although we must acquiesce in the amusing description of old Butler, who says, "He is a gross stingless bee, that spendeth his time in gluttony and idleness. For however he brave it with his round velvet cap, his side, gown, his full paunch, and his loud voice, yet he is but an idle companion, living by the sweat of others' brows. He worketh not at all, neither at home or abroad, and spendeth as much as two laborers; you shall never find his maw without a drop of the purest nectar. In the head of the day he fieth forth, aloft, and about, and that with no small noise, as though he would do some great act; but it is only for pleasure and to get him a stomach; and then returns he presently to his cheer." The life of the common bee is busy and short. Those who are hatched in the spring of one year die before the close of the next, generally about August or September. They die, weakened by old age, worn out with toil, or suddenly destroyed by one of a thousand accidents; snapped up by a tomit, interrupted in mid-flight by a swallow, dashed headlong into a pond by the boisterous wind, trampled on by a child, crushed by the foot of a cow while sucking honey from a white clover or wild thyme, overpowered by a hornet, wounded in mortal combat with a wasp, caught in a treacherous spider's web, swallowed by a cold and bloated toad while resting on the ground, burnt or neglected by their owners, or killed in fierce battle with the robbers of a neighboring hive.

THE PLACE FOR ORCHARDS.

A friend asked us the other day, "what is the best situation for an orchard?" As a general answer to him, we would say, "where you can raise the best corn." There is one requisite that should not be overlooked, in choosing the site for an orchard. It is this: The land should be well drained. Flat lands, where the water stands, however rich they may be, are improper for an orchard, as the apple tree will not flourish with water about its roots. Hence the slope of a hill is eminently fitted for an orchard. It does not make so much difference which point the orchard lies on, as many suppose, if the land be good. You will find orchards and very good orchards too, on all of our hills, and on the very pinnacle of some of them. The easterly slopes, as a general thing, are earlier in the spring, but then they are more subject to the southeast gales in the fall, which sometimes knock the apples off at a sad rate. Let no farmer be without an orchard because he does not happen to live on the south side of a hill. Plant good healthy trees on a good, well drained soil, and with attention to them afterwards, you will soon have fruit from them.

While upon this subject, we would say a word about planting trees on the side of walls and fences. We last winter lost some young trees by the weight of snow which drifted upon them and crushed them down; breaking them off near the ground. We have noticed that many others have lost trees in the same manner. In order to obviate this, it will be a good thing to place stakes around them in the fall, together with bushes applied in such a way as to take the most of the weight, instead of bearing on the young tree. By a protection of this kind, until the tree is large enough to resist such action, it will be saved from harm.—(Maine Farmer.)

GOD BLESS YOU, KIND GIRLS.

A friend of mine being in the city of Boston, saw a short distance before him an old man, walking with great difficulty, and apparently very much fatigued. He seemed at a loss what way to go. Between my friend and the old man, two little girls, eight or ten years old, were walking and conversing about the old man.

"How tired he looks," says one.

"I wish I could help him," said the other. Just then a young man passed by, of whom the old man asked his way to No. 16, Jay St. A hasty answer, not at all intelligible, was the only reply. In his bewilderment, the old man struck against a post, and his staff fell from his hand. The largest girl sprang forward to support him, while the other handed him his staff, saying:

"Here it is, sir."

"Thank you, my kind girls," said the old man. "Can you direct me to No. 16, Jay St.?"

"I came to visit my son; wishing to surprise him, I did not send him word that I was coming. I am a stranger here, and have been walking about for a long time to no purpose."

"Oh, we will go along with you, sir; mother said we might walk for an hour, and we can as well walk that way as any other."

"God bless you, my kind girls," said the old man. "I am sorry to trouble you."

"Oh, replied the little girls, it is no trouble. We love old folks, and love to do them a favor."

They at length brought the old man opposite the house which he sought, and he was dismissing them, but they said:

"We must cross the street with you, lest the carriages run over you."

When a delightful body guard were these kind children! As they separated, the old man said to himself, "I will not be so easily deceived again."

"If you ever visit Berkshire county, come

to the house of John Bond, and you shall have as hearty a welcome, and as good entertainment, as a Massachusetts farm house can afford."

BIG BRINDLE.

In Nashville, many years ago, there resided a gentleman of great hospitality, large fortune, and though uneducated, was possessed of hard knot sense. Col. W. had been elected to the Legislature, and had been also judge of the county court.

His elevation, however, had made him somewhat pompous, and he became very fond of using big words. On his farm he had a large and mischievous ox, called 'Big Brindle,' which frequently broke down his neighbor's fences and committed other depredations, much to the Colonel's annoyance.

One morning after breakfast, in presence of some gentlemen who had staid with him over night, and who were now on their way to town, he called his overseer and said to him: "Mr. Allen, I desire you to impound Big Brindle, in order that I may hear no more animal depredations on his eternal depredations."

Allen bowed and walked off, sorely puzzled to know what the Colonel meant. So after Col. W. left for town he went to his wife and asked her what Col. W. meant, by telling him to 'impound' the ox. "Why," said she, "the Colonel meant to tell you to put him up in a pen." Allen left to perform the feat, for it was no inconsiderable one, as the animal was very wild and vicious, and after a great deal of trouble and vexation he succeeded. "Well," said he, wiping the perspiration from his brow and soliloquizing, "this is impounding, is it? Now I am dead sure the old Colonel will ask me if I impounded Big Brindle, and I'll bet I puzzle him as bad as he did me."

The next day the Colonel gave a dinner party, and as he was not aristocratic, Allen, the overseer, sat down with the company. After the second or third glass of wine was discussed, the Colonel turned to the overseer and said: "Eh, Mr. Allen, did you impound Big Brindle, sir?" Allen straightened himself, and looking round at the company, said: "Yes, I did, sir, but old Brindle transcended the impound of the impound and scattered himself all over the equanimity of the forest." The company burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, while the Colonel's face reddened with discomfort.

"What do you mean by that, sir?" said he.

"Why, I mean, Colonel," said Allen, "that old Brindle being prognosticated with an idea of the cholera, ripped and tared, sported and pawed dirt, jumped the fence, took to the woods, and would not be impounded no how."

This was too much; the company roared again, in which the Colonel was forced to join, and in the midst of the laughter Allen quitted the table, saying to himself as he went, "I reckon the Colonel won't ask me to impound any more oxen."—[N. O. Picayune.]

A SCENE AT THE GATE OF PARADISE. A poor tailor, being released from a troublesome world, and a scolding wife, appeared at the gate of Paradise. Peter asked him if he had ever been to purgatory.

"No," said the tailor, "but I have been married."

"Oh," said Peter, "that is all the same."

The tailor had scarcely got in, when a fat, turtle eating alderman came puffing and blowing.

"Halloo, you fellow," said he, "open the door."

"Not so fast," said Peter; have you ever been to purgatory?"

"No," said the alderman; "but what is that to the purpose? You let in that poor, half-starved fellow, and he had no more been to purgatory than I."

"But he has been married," said Peter.

"Married!" exclaimed the alderman, "why, I have been married twice."

"Then please go back again," said Peter; "paradise is not the place for fools."

RICH.—The Albany Deutsman has all the honor of the following:

One of the most interesting eras in the history of corduroys, is the day that we give up playing marbles and think of calicoes; an era that is usually marked with a gold watch, maccassar oil, bear's grease, leather brushes and impertinence. About these days we take on airs and refuse to go to market, or bring water from the pump till after sundown. Then commence a taste for standing collars and French boots, with many inquiries as to 'what is good for whiskers' and light complexioned hair. During this interesting period, the food consists of Moore's poetry, German flutes and guitars. For further particulars, ask the first melancholy young man you meet with Lallah Rookh in his hand."

WOMEN UNDER A MONARCHY.—In Vienna, where soldiers abound, women dig cellars and carry hods. These are Bohemian beauties. I have before me a medical work, which speaks of death simply when a woman carries a hod and a child together. Twain can apothecize to this effect. In Paris, women clean the streets. In Calcutta, they descend into pools of filth in wharf laying—men receding before the immensity of the Augean-like task. If in England, women only drink gin and work in turnip fields for sixpence a day, it is because Democracy has in a degree curbed the influences of privileged orders; so degrading to them.—[Phil. Ledger.]

NOT ENGAGED, BUT MARRIED.—Some ridiculous mistakes occur among foreigners at times, owing to the different meanings applied to the same words in our language. During the absence of a physician of our acquaintance, the other day, a gentleman called to see him, and rang the bell at the door. The summons was answered by a Dutch servant girl, of whom he inquired if the doctor was in.

"No."

"Was his lady in?"

"Yes."

"Was she engaged?"

The girl looked at him a moment, while a curious expression settled on her features, as she replied, "No, she is already married."

The gentleman smiled.

SOME queer fish, at St. Louis, in allusion to the 'bill for the benefit of married women,' when before the Missouri Legislature, asked if it would not be better for the members to do something for the benefit of the single ladies, and not trouble themselves so much about other men's wives.

HOOD'S PATHEPIC POEMS.—Towards the close of Hood's life, while he was still popularly known as a humorist, there appeared in the columns of Punch that wonderful poem which instantly thrilled through the hearts of thousands, and produced an effect such as, we believe, no piece of writing within the same small compass had ever done—his agonizing "Song of the Shirt." Parliamentary reports had exposed, in long detail, the hardships inflicted on a large portion of the industrious community; volumes had been written about them, eloquent speeches delivered on the subject, the miseries of our female artisans—dressmakers and shirtmakers—had been deplored in all forms, but Hood's little poem effected more than them all. I went straight to its mark; it thrilled the common heart. He hit the nail on the head, and sent it home at a blow. Not less touching, nor less full of penetrating truth, was his "Bridge of Sighs," one of the most powerful expositions of a great social evil, a cancerous sore eating away the hearts of multitudes of human beings, which has ever been penned. These pieces, short though they were, revealed the almost Shakespearean genius of Thomas Hood. They were the last thoughts of his great heart, ever longing for the emancipation and happiness of the town-trodden and suffering many. And thus floating away towards the deep waters of eternity, did he in these piteous appeals to human sympathy pour out his soul in song.

EXERCISE IN EARLY LIFE.—To fetter the active motions of children, as soon as they have acquired the use of their limbs, is barbarous opposition to nature; and to do so under the pretence of improving their minds and manners, is an insult to common sense. It may, indeed, be the way to train up elevated puppets for short-lived prodigies of learning; but never to form healthy, well-informed, and accomplished men and women. Every feeling individual must behold with much heartfelt concern, poor, little, puny creatures of eight, ten, or twelve years of age, exhibited by the silly parents as proficient in learning, or as distinguished for their early mastery of the languages, elocution, music, or even some frivolous acquirement. The strength of the mind, as well as of the body, is exhausted, and the natural growth of both is checked by such untimely exertions.

THE POOR BOY'S COLLEGE.—"The printing office," says the New York Globe, "has indeed proved a better college to many a poor boy; has graduated more useful and conspicuous members of society; has matured more intellect, and turned it into practical, useful

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, DEC. 13, 1869.

V. B. PALMER, 8 Congress-st., Boston and at his offices in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, is our advertising agent.

LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed they are held responsible till they have settled the bill and ordered the paper discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncollected, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.

THE BEST ARRIVAL YET! There is nothing like a railroad to develop the riches and resources of a community. Doubtless many formed the opinion, when they saw the first freight that passed over the new Road—the boxes and barrels and crates of rich and rare goods—that a more glorious sight, in that direction never would greet their eyes. Some of the wise ones may have looked forward to the time when a bona fide California gold mine should be set down by the cars at Waterville depot; but a shadow of doubt must have dimmed the best glory of the dream. And after all, it has been more than realized—not in yellow gold, or glittering rubies, or precious ores—not in bank notes, government bonds, or real estate securities—not in groceries, dry goods, or glass ware—not in watches, silver ware or jewels—*jewels*—yes—but we forget that we are talking to others than old bachelors, and therefore must talk sensibly and soberly.

One of the most welcome arrivals at Waterville over the A. & K. Railroad, was a company of 60 ladies, from Winthrop and Lewiston, who alighted from one of the cars on Wednesday morning. To our gallants generally, both old and young, there was no herald of their approach but the whistle of the locomotive. Not a man's head among them all—and we are not sure but the conductor had to assume at least a bonnet and shawl for the privilege of taking their tickets! No stock in the road represented there, we warrant; but how many stockholders had to cook their own dinners on that day, is among the things yet to be revealed. Such a mystery as enveloped the proceedings at Williams' that morning!—such a smuggling of chickens and turkeys and pigs!—such bustling among the cooks and waiters, without knowing why!—and such a quiet and confident air in the landlady, as she walked from room to room, with his secret snugly folded in his vest pocket, in the shape of a gilt-edged billet from the beautiful and accomplished Miss . . . of Lewiston! Who but the landlady knew, who in the name of wonder were going to eat all those dainties? And as the long tables began to groan with the load, (for we tell you, reader, that women eat, as well as men, when "on a bust") who could have predicted that a few minutes would see them surrounded by the best selection of beauty the whole State could produce? Such it was, if there is faith in man—for thus says the landlady—thus says the conductor—and thus says the superintendent: beyond which favored trio judgment was not permitted to pass.

A few brief hours, that seemed but minutes, and that fairy vision was gone. Indeed, beyond the three we have named, not a gallant in Waterville dares to doubt it is all a dream:—the first has a test in the gilt-edged billet; the second in the odor of rose water; the third in the exhaustion of his accustomed gallantry.

SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE.—This illustrated monthly, which in a very short existence has arrived at a point of excellence unsurpassed by any of its older competitors, is out for January, in a style of magnificence and elegance, which, if sustained through the year, will place it far in advance of anything heretofore achieved in this department of literature and art, and place it entirely beyond competition. The editorial department will remain in charge of Prof. John S. Hart of Philadelphia, and Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, of New York, who will be assisted by a host of contributors, among whom are some of the most talented and brilliant magazine writers in Europe and America. The name of John Sartain—one of the best engravers in the country, and himself a host—is a sufficient guaranty of superior excellence in the line of embellishments. This first No. of a new volume and a new year contains 104 pages of letter press, beautifully printed on fine paper, and is illustrated by thirty-five engravings, in almost every variety of the art—line, mezzotint, wood, tinted, and litho-chromatic—the last something novel and very beautiful. It would make of itself a very pretty Holiday Gift, and can be had of the publishers for 25 cts., or five copies for one dollar. It will be found on MATTHEWS' counter.

DEATH AT CALIFORNIA.—We understand that intelligence has been received, at Kendall's Mills, of the death of Mr. Rufus Kendall, who sailed for California in the brig *Charlotte*, last winter. His relations reside in Fairfield, where he was known as a very worthy young man. It is said he died very suddenly, at the mines, of dysentery.

The Waterville Post Office has been removed, within a few days, to a neat new building, erected by the present Postmaster, two doors below Boutelle Block on Maine Street. We doubt not the change of location will give satisfaction to our citizens generally; and the building is at least a commendable improvement.

RAILROAD TO BANGOR.

Mr. Editor: It appears that the 27th—that long looked for 27th day of November did come, and brought along with it a long train of incidents that will not soon be forgotten by the good people of Waterville. It will doubtless be set down in the history of Waterville as the great day. I regret very much indeed that I was not allowed to participate in the festivities of the occasion, but so it was. I must, however, send in (even at this late day) to all those persons interested in the great enterprise just completed, my sincere congratulations. A few years since it was considered a waste of time even to talk of constructing railroads in Maine, so far east as Waterville in particular. But now we can speak of such things with confidence, for "we have seen and do testify"; consequently it may not be improper, at this time, to say a few words in relation to the road about to be built from Waterville to Bangor. I say about to be built, for the enterprising people of Bangor will not long occupy the position they now do in relation to railroads; that may be relied upon. That a railroad will be built from Waterville to Bangor, and that speedily too, may as well be set down for granted as not. The great and important question then, is not whether a road shall be built, but *where shall it be located.*

I presume it is well understood by all, or a greater part of the persons interested in the road in question, that there are two routes talked of, the upper and lower, as they are called. The lower route is to cross the Kennebec river at or near Kendall's Mills, so called, in Fairfield, pass over to the valley of the Sebasticook, follow that up to the crotch in the river, strike across into Newport, and thence, after making a short bend, pass through (if I mistake not) Stetson and Hermon to Bangor. The upper route is to follow the valley of the Kennebec up through Fairfield to near the north line of said town, then to cross over, passing through a part of Clinton and Skowhegan, and continuing on through Canaan, Hartland, St. Albans, Corinna, into Dexter; thence down the valley of the Kenduskeag stream to Bangor. Now I am in favor, decidedly so, of the upper route; and it appears to me that any thinking, candid person, after carefully viewing the country through which the routes pass, the number of people to be benefited, taking in consideration the vast difference there must inevitably be in the business of the two roads in favor of the upper—I repeat, it appears to me that any person or class of people after thus carefully reviewing the subject, so far as the country is to be benefited by a road, must come to the same conclusion that I have. It appears to me that the lower road would not meet the wants of the people, or but very few at any rate. There would be no freight of any consequence to pass over that road, and passengers, the same that would travel by the lower road, could with equal convenience and expense pass over the upper road. The entire distance of the upper route passes through a fertile farming country and many thriving villages, inhabited by wealthy farmers, enterprising traders and industrious mechanics, the contents of whose purses would help build the road; and the industry, skill and enterprise of such people would do much towards freighting it. A mere passenger road from Waterville to Bangor is not all that is needed; it is not what the people of those places want. They want a road (if any) that will pay something to the stockholder; and such a road, in my opinion, must have some freight carried over it. They want the trade, or a portion of it, to say the least, that would come to them if the road should be built, from the counties of Franklin, Somerset, and Piscataquis; and the wealthy people of these counties (and there are many of them) would readily put their shoulders to the wheel and help move along the enterprise, for the double purpose that it affords them such ready means for transporting produce and merchandise to and from good markets, and besides pay a handsome dividend to the owners. Now should the road be built on the lower route, there must and will be one built to accommodate that section of country above mentioned, or a part of it; and in that case a road will doubtless be located so as to leave the Kennebec at or somewhere near Skowhegan village, and connect with the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Road in the eastern part of the State. I cannot for a moment believe that the shrewd, calculating people of Bangor will invest money in the lower road, when in such case they are (in my opinion) just about sure of losing a vast amount of trade they might otherwise have; and in that case the business of Waterville would, I am confident, be materially affected—not to their benefit either.

In case a road should be built as above intimated, the result must be obvious to the most careless observer—in relation to the interests of Bangor in particular. But as I have observed, the people of Bangor are well versed in business to allow a man of such magnitude to slip through their fingers, without first giving it a most severe pinching. It is to be hoped that all interested in the road will consider well before they act, and then act with vigor; in that case I am confident they will go in for the upper route. There can be no objection urged against the feasibility of constructing a road on the upper route, on account of its not having been surveyed, as it has been explored by Mr. Appleton, the engineer, and pronounced by him a very good route, uncommonly so.

Canaan, Nov. 10, 1869.
CHURCH MELODIES is the title of a new collection of sacred music, by Edward L. White, the author of various popular musical works. It seems more particularly, though by no means exclusively, adapted to the Protestant Episcopal Church, giving the entire service, and an unusually large number of pieces and anthems. The work is for sale at

Mathews' Bookstore, and will be furnished to schools and choirs at very low rates.

SHEPARD'S ARITHMETICS.

I have recently had the pleasure of examining a series of Arithmetics (now in press) by William A. Shepard, late Principal of the Brimmer School, Boston. Every Teacher and Committee man has felt in making selections of a text book of Arithmetic, that the Arithmetics now before the Public, are too near failures. The authors have seemed to study how they could make the most money, rather than how they could most benefit students. This series of Mr. Shepard's Arithmetics is a different aim in the author. For five years a teacher of Arithmetic almost exclusively, he has spent all his leisure moments during that time in composing this work. As his daily recitations have been connected with the subjects upon which he was writing, he can be well said to have spent five years in writing this series of Arithmetics. The first book is for young beginners, is simple, original, easily understood, and will fix firmly in the mind of the child every thing it contains. I know of no mental Arithmetic that can in any way compare with it.

The second book contains 90 pages of oral Arithmetic. All teachers who have used Colburn's First Lessons will here find something that surpasses even that. This is simpler than that, and on new principles. The remainder of the second book contains all the written Arithmetic necessary for common business purposes. The third book is Mercantile Arithmetic, and intended for use of scholars in commercial places. We, here, need only the first and second books. These contain enough to make good business men in any department of business. They are not filled up with "hard questions" in Algebra and Geometry, to give sale to a Key at a most exorbitant price. No method of explanation has been introduced, until tested again and again by actual experiment in the school room. The explanations are so clear, that students of ordinary capacity can be carried through them with ease. The plan is such that scholars cannot help thinking for themselves. The admirable system of "giving the analysis" is introduced. From a thorough examination I am satisfied it will fill the almost vacuum hitherto existing in the department of mathematics; that it is just what we want, and that it is destined to have a wide circulation. The prices of this series will show the extortion practiced by former Arithmetic compilers, not makers, the price of the first book being 12 1/2 cents, and that of the second only 37 1/2. It is extremely to be regretted that the unreasonable opposition to the Printers Union has delayed the issue of this work, but as soon as it does come out, let all examine it and see if they do not agree heartily with

IT IS TRUE—that Mr. Eaton's pig weighed as we stated, 439 pounds; though he was just ten days older than we asserted. This exceeds, doubtless, any pig killed in this section this season, if not any season. Mr. Eaton states that it was fed exclusively on corn meal and the slops from the kitchen—having eaten in all 14 bushels of meal. Mr. E. is evidently 'some science' in raising pork, and we think, with him, that much of his secret rests in his peculiar mode of feeding. He feeds five times a day, with perfect regularity, increasing the quantity of feed regularly, according to his own judgment rather than the appetite of the pig, till 4 months old, after which he increases it only in nutriment. He always keeps in the pen a fresh quantity of well decayed chip dirt, from the wood yard, which he thinks contributes much to keep the hog in good appetite. Thus he has raised the largest pig—and thus he has made most delicious pork, as we can honestly say from our own knowledge of the fact.

THE EXPRESS.—We congratulate the business men in this section on the establishment of a good and efficient Express line between Waterville and Boston. The active agency of the line has fallen into good hands. Mr. Phillips, the agent at Waterville, is too well known to need commendation in this section, and Mr. Bartlett, the Conductor between this place and Portland, will most certainly win his own way to the confidence of those who commit business to his care. We have good confidence that Longley & Co.'s Express will fully meet the reasonable expectations of business men in this section. The Conductor leaves Waterville daily—thus admitting of a return from Boston the following day, in cases where business requires but little time; and from Portland the same day, in like cases. The great convenience of this Express will be readily seen, and cannot fail to be well appreciated.

LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.—Mr. Giles gave his fourth lecture on the 'Agencies in Social Culture,' in New York, on Tuesday evening. 'Love of the Beautiful' was commemorated as one of these agencies.

In illustrating this exalted sentiment of the human heart—this "love for the beautiful"—he alluded to those children of nature who are called poets, artists, and men of genius, as possessing it in a remarkable degree. To this passion they owed their power to detect and describe the beauties and harmonies of the material world; to their acute appreciation of the beautiful in works of art, inventive genius was often indebted for its elevation from neglect and obscurity to honor and fame.

The lecturer deemed it one of the first duties of parents to instill this ennobling quality into the hearts and minds of their children—to teach them how to discover and how to love the beautiful in any work of nature or of art. He dwelt much upon its necessity as a feature of their education, in preparing them for the discharge of the duties and obligations of life. A man without this appreciative quality was a mere machine—a dull, plodding counterfeiter of humanity, who could contemplate the character of God and his sublime creations without a sense of awe or a tear of gratitude. Such a man had no love for the beautiful, because he had no idea of it. Such a man might be in-

duced into the Garden of Eden, or might listen to the harmonious symphonies of the Angels of Heaven without being aroused from his listless torpor; he could read a book without discerning the graces of its composition, or listen to the music of the rivulet or see the shining firmament studded with radiant stars without looking upon it as anything more than a matter of course. Hence, Atheists and Materialists, who denied the existence of God, and maintained that the soul of man was the result of a particular organization of matter in the body, had no love for the beautiful; they could see nothing in nature to warrant the belief that it was anything more than 'a matter of chance.' From this fact the speaker inferred the necessity of inculcating the divinest sentiment of the human mind—this discriminative faculty, which raised man above the brute, and made him 'but a little lower than the angels.'

Enjoyments.—The following paragraph is taken from Paulding's new novel, "The Puritan and his Daughter"—a capital work:—
"Those enjoyments which neither injure ourselves, interfere with the happiness of others, or violate the laws and decorum of society, are in fact themselves most effectual barriers against the indulgence of those criminal propensities which at one and the same time undermine our own happiness and destroy that of others. Give to manhood innocent amusements, and they will be far less likely to seek for guilty pleasures. But it will generally be found that those who whet their appetites by rigorously abstaining from one enjoyment, are the most voracious in the gratification of others; and he who rails most loudly at the ninety-nine innocent pleasures of life most commonly selects the hundredth as an exception, and converts it into a vice by excessive indulgence."

On the subject of good behavior in company, Leigh Richmond gives the following excellent advice to his daughters:

"Be cheerful, but not gigglers. Be serious, but not dull. Be communicative, but not forward. Be kind, but not servile. Beware of silly, thoughtless speeches; although you may forget them, others will not. Remember God's eye is in every place, and his ear in every company. Beware of levity and familiarity with young men; a modest reserve, without affectation, is the only safe path. Court and encourage serious conversation with those who are truly serious and conversible; and do not go into valuable company without endeavoring to improve by the intercourse permitted to you. Nothing is more unbecoming, when one part of a company is engaged in a profitable and interesting conversation, than that another part should be trifling, giggling, and talking comparative nonsense to each other."

CONGRESS. The House has not yet organized, up to Wednesday night—the contest for Speaker still continuing. Mr. Brown of Indiana was the democratic candidate at that time, against Mr. Winthrop, who is reported, however, to have declined after the last ballot on Wednesday. The Democrats were pretty sanguine of success on the following day, the Whigs had not designated a candidate in the place of Mr. Winthrop. When we shall get the Message, is a problem for our readers, as well as for us.

CALIFORNIA. The last California Mail seems to have brought but little news; indeed, we can hardly learn that any letters have been received in this place. Those who were confidently expected to write have not been heard from.

The Age thus gathers up the substance of the new Constitution:

THE CALIFORNIA CONSTITUTION.—Advices by the Crescent City give in detail the doings of the Convention for the formation of a State Constitution, which concluded its labors on the 13th of Oct. last. The Constitution, as sent out to the people for their ratification, embraces the provision agreed upon in Committee of the Whole, declaring that "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, unless for the punishment of crimes, shall ever be tolerated." The provision denying the elective franchise to resident Californians, of Indian descent, is still retained. The boundary of the proposed new State is fixed upon, agreeably to the report of the committee, and does not embrace the whole of California, including the Mormon settlement of Deseret. Its eastern boundary as fixed in Constitution, is the Sierra Nevada, including all of the California territory west from the Mexican line to the southern limits of Oregon.

Among other important provisions, the constitution prohibits all banks—prohibits the granting of divorces by the Legislature—prohibits imprisonment for debt—prohibits the creation of a State debt beyond a certain amount—provides for annual sessions of the Legislature—makes nearly all the State offices elective by the people—provides that the electors under the new constitution meet on the 13th of November, and that the first Legislature meet on the 15th of December inst.

YOUNG'S SHORT METHOD OF EXTRACTING ROOTS. Simplified and Illustrated, for the use of Schools and Business men; by Josiah H. Drummond, M. A.

This is the title of a mathematical work recently published at this office. It is small and unpretending, and like similar cases generally, is found by those who have examined it to possess decided merit. Such a work was needed among business men, and of course in schools, and Mr. Drummond seems to have met the demand in a judicious and economical manner, that speaks well not only for his judgment but his genius for mathematics. The little book has been favorably received by teachers and committees.

One of the great secrets of trade, says the Lancaster Union, is a judicious and well-directed system of advertising. An advertisement is to those who visit our city to make purchases or transact business with our mechanics and professional men, what the finger-board is to a traveler in a strange land—pointing to the place he desires to find. Hundreds and thousands of persons look to the cards of merchants, mechanics, &c., for articles they are in search of, and are much more likely to visit the house that advertises what they need, than stumble along the streets from one store to another to find what they want.

PITY HINTS. Snuff on the necks and backs of calves and young cattle, will do more good than in the nose of any maiden lady or dandy bachelor; and brimstone bough for the dogs will not prove that the itch has got in the house. Cards on the cattle, make them look as much better as children with their hair combed. A clean barn is a hint to the women who take care of the kitchen. Good milking stools save much washing in the house. A scraper on the door step saves brooms and dust.

THE PARKMAN TRAGEDY.

The Cambridge Chronicle has the following remarks, which, as they are somewhat in defence of Prof. Webster by one of his neighbors, we publish, for the purpose of helping our readers to think of both sides of the affair.

"There are many circumstances, which if properly considered, tend much to relieve the terrible position of Prof. Webster. Not only has no positive evidence been brought to show the agency of Prof. Webster in the death of Dr. P., but many of the strong facts already proved to have no foundation. The spots of blood said to have been discovered upon the floor and stairs, are found to be only tobacco juice. The pants with Prof. W.'s name upon them and stained with blood, are those which he wears in his laboratory, and stained with acids! The tin box ordered at Waterman's, 3 feet long, dwindles down to one 18 inches long, 18 wide, and 13 inches deep, and of such a description as another individual states he has often made for him. As to the matter of the receipt which has been so much insisted upon, who ever heard of a receipt being given on the payment of a note! That any person should have known him to be at the Medical College late on Friday night, when he is known to have come home early and been engaged in spending a social evening with Judge Fay and other friends; is, to say the least, remarkable. And it is no less remarkable that the janitor of the College, or any other individual, should have observed such unusual appearances about his rooms, as to have excited their suspicions, not only when he was thus absent, but so soon after the disappearance of Dr. P. and only divulge those suspicions at so late an hour. How great importance is to be attached to the pretended secrecy of Prof. W.'s apartments, may be inferred from the fact that it was the duty of the janitor to take care of the entire building, and of course had ready access to each room. A gentleman who visited the rooms day before yesterday, assured us that he examined the locks particularly, and presumed from their construction there could be no difficulty in finding a multitude of keys to fit them.

Are we then, in view of these facts, only left the alternative of believing Prof. W. guilty of the foul crime of murder? A lifetime of uprightness forbids it, no less than all the peculiarities of his character, his standing, and his domestic relations. His conduct subsequent to the disappearance of Dr. P. and before as well as since his knowledge that suspicion rested upon himself, forbids it. The time when the deed is said to have been accomplished, no less than all the awkward attempts at concealment, forbid it. The very facts themselves can far better be explained on the supposition of his innocence than his guilt. With that sensitive person guilty of the crime, while it has so little doubt of one of Prof. W.'s years, intelligence and standing, we confess we have no sympathy.

By one hypothesis alone can all the facts be satisfactorily accounted for; and that is that Prof. W. has been made the subject of a most foul and villainous conspiracy. The lack of motive in his case may be found in the hope of obtaining the offered reward in the others. The very want of tact manifested in concealment, and that which has been instrumental in fastening suspicion upon him, may be the means of solving the whole and bringing the truly guilty to condign and doubly merited punishment."

MORE DEVELOPMENTS. Owing to information obtained, it is said, by some person employed at the jail overheard a conversation between Prof. Webster and his counsel, officers Clapp and Hopkins were despatched last evening to make a general examination of the house of the professor at Cambridge.

The movements of the officers were made with great secrecy and rapidity. On alighting at the residence of Prof. Webster, they requested to be shown the desk in which he kept his private papers, exhibiting their authority for a thorough search of the premises, if found necessary. Mrs. Webster received them politely, and interposed no objection to the search, but readily pointed them to the desk. On opening it they discovered beneath a quantity of other papers, the identical note for \$487, which Prof. Webster has stated he took up on the Friday that Dr. Parkman was last seen to enter the Medical College. So far as the finding of this note is concerned, it only corroborates what Prof. Webster has stated in regard to taking it up. But a further search produced evidence of a more startling description.

Also another note payable to Dr. Parkman, for \$2400, dated in 1847 and becoming due in 1851! The note was secured by mortgage. We could not learn the month or day of the month the note was dated, but the fact that a note for the above sum, running five years and payable in 1851, was yesterday discovered among Prof. Webster's papers, is true and beyond question.

The back of this last named note contained numerous endorsements, but to what amount, or whether sufficient to cover the face of it, we have not yet been able to learn. It certainly looks exceedingly dark against Prof. Webster.

Another statement is, that the note was fully liquidated by the endorsements on the back, and that the note for \$487, was the only demand which Dr. Parkman held against the accused on the day he mysteriously disappeared.

When the injunction is removed from the press, the public excitement will be allayed by a full statement of all the facts in the case. The family of Dr. Parkman have ascertained to their entire satisfaction that the mutilated body found in the laboratory of the Medical College, is that of their missing relative. An order was given yesterday to Undertaker Merrill to prepare a leaden coffin, in which the remains are to be interred on Friday. The body was identified by certain marks on its lower extremity.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT SPIDERS.—This insect casts its skin once a year; to do this it forms a kind of thick purse in one corner of the web, like that which is used to enclose the eggs. It then goes to the centre of the web and begins to distend its body with violence, for some minutes, until it splits the skin the whole length of the back. When this is effected it begins slowly to force its body through the aperture, and then gradually draws out its legs, one by one till they are all extruded. The exuvium retains the entire form of the spider, but is perfectly transparent. The insect itself, after this great change, remains quite gelatinous, and of a pale green color, and is retained in the afore-mentioned purse or bag, leaving the skin suspended in the web. It quits its shelter in about three days.

SELF-RELIANCE. The success of individuals in life is greatly owing to their early learning to depend on their own resources. Money, or the expectation of it by inheritance, has ruined more men than the want of it ever did. Teach young men to rely upon their own efforts, to be frugal and industrious, and you have furnished them with a productive capital which no man can ever wrest from them.

CRIME AND CRIMINALS IN NEW YORK.

New York contains nearly if not quite half a million of people, and being the largest city in America, is generally considered the worst. People brought up strictly in the country, are taught to avoid New York, as they would a pest-house, and an ungoverned countryman is afraid to walk in our streets after dark for fear of being robbed, murdered perhaps; and because such things have happened in times past. But nevertheless, the city is not so bad a place as is supposed, and figures that "cannot lie" will do show, that among this population of over four hundred thousand there are but 3500 professional prostitutes, 10 professional burglars, 10 professional pick-pockets, 50 Peter Funks, 24 panel thieves, male and female, 10 professional hotel thieves, 300 till, entry and Five Point thieves, 900 dock and juvenile thieves of all sorts, and 50 female shoplifters—even this estimate is rather too large than otherwise; and in proportion to the population, many of the interior counties are more depraved, and send a larger number of convicts to the State Prison than our great city and county.

[N. Y. Express.]

ROOTS AND BEET.—It is as well known that in England the best beef in the world is raised, as it is that Englishmen are very fond of roast beef and plum-pudding. Daniel Webster says that English beef is fattened upon turnips, and that the turnip crop in England is a great and indispensable crop. In this country—especially in New England—he thinks it is too much neglected. He even says of England, that she would fail to pay the interest of her national debt, if turnips were excluded from her culture. Turnips need a light land, and we believe, in Maine, as a general thing, large crops are raised by all who properly cultivate them. No one need be afraid to pattern after the thrifty English farmer, however wide he may depart from English politics. English turnips are cultivated in New England, but monarchy and church and state won't take root in Uncle Sam's soil.

There is a class of writers in Washington who fill the columns of the papers with which they correspond with all manner of rumors, most of which have an existence only in their own heated imaginations. The Slavery question, and the dissolution of the Union, are prolific themes for filling up their letters. In the Hon. Mr. Snooks arrives in Washington, and utters some incoherent remarks about the Wilnot Provision, and gives his august head a Wilhelm shake, the dissolution of the Union is immediately put down as a fixed fact, unless human bondage slavery and the lash, are made matters of compromise; and the friends of Free Soil and of free men are immediately requested by these Washington hangers-on to give way, and permit the slavery of man to spread, like a dark and poisonous war, over lands which are now basking in the blessed sunlight of freedom. Unless this be done, there is danger that the Hon. Mr. Snooks will withdraw from the Union, and never again show the light of his countenance in the political metropolis of the nation. —[Atlas.]

"Decentful above all things and desperately wicked."—We are occasionally reminded, in the most painful manner, of the truth of this declaration as applied to the "heart of man." The recent developments in relation to Dr. Parkman and Professor Webster, force it upon our minds. But we regard, as even still more remarkable, the example of the inconsistency and deceitfulness of the human character, exhibited by the accounts given in the papers of the Mrs. Miller at Niagara Falls, who was at first supposed to have committed suicide, but afterwards to have eloped. After her children had gone to bed, "she bid them good bye, and kissed them"—and then deserted them to go off with a young whippersnapper! In the morning the "little boys" rung the bell, and inquired for their mother. "What a volume of misery, wretchedness and anguish, as well as inconsistency and depravity is embodied in this brief account of this transaction." —[Portland Advertiser.]

ADVERTISING.—It is said quite often, O, people do not read advertisements. Every body knows what we keep. Do they? Here is a case in point. Some friends of ours, who gave us to understand that they consider our notions on this particular subject as little better than moonshine, obstinately refused even to give us the opportunity to prove the truth or falsity of these assertions; consequently, in the kindness of our heart, we gave them the benefit of a couple of squares, free gratis, for nothing at all. It happened that in drawing up the advertisement we inserted some articles which were not upon their shelves. The constant call for these very articles became so very annoying after a time, that we were requested to suppress the advertisement. We did so, of course; though we could see no reason for suppressing a portion of a column which no body reads. —[Cambridge Chronicle.]

THIRTEEN YEARS' WORK FOR A BIBLE.—In the year 1872, the wages of a laboring man were less than four cents a day, while the price of a Bible at the same period was \$160. A common laborer in those days must toil on industriously for thirteen long years, if he would possess a copy of the Word of God! Now the earnings of half a day will pay the cost of a beautifully printed copy of the sacred oracles! What a contrast! What an illustration of the power of the press!

A FIGHT—NON-RESISTANCE, &c.—Quite a row occurred in Fore street yesterday forenoon. A black and white man had a dispute, which ended in white knocking black down. Following his advantage, white jumped on to black for the greater convenience of pummeling him at his leisure. Black yelled—white pounded. A third party interfered and got knocked down for his trouble. Pummeling commenced again, when a free seller in the shape of a Quaker, appeared on the ground, and seeing his colored brother actually ridden by the white man, dismounted him without ceremony. To threats of being knocked down for his boldness, he only told them to hammer away. But nobody would strike a man with his arms folded. Non-resistance triumphed. Meantime, the fighting propensities cooled down—black retired, white looked cheap, the crowd dispersed. Two uglier looking men could not be found than the two original belligerents. Any amount of blows would not have hurt their beauty. —[Argus.]

A CURIOSITY. There is a colored man belonging to this county, now trading, we believe on board of a schooner between this city and Philadelphia, who is in color both white and black. He is covered with white spots (as white as the fairest white man) from the size of a dollar to several inches, and even feet in length and breadth. There is a white ring round each of his eyes, and also white round his mouth; one half of one of his arms is white. His predominant color is black, only about a third being white. His mother, James Stewart, and lives a few miles from this city. We have never heard this singular phenomenon accounted for. —[Washington Chronicle.]

